

The TATLER

and BYSTANDER

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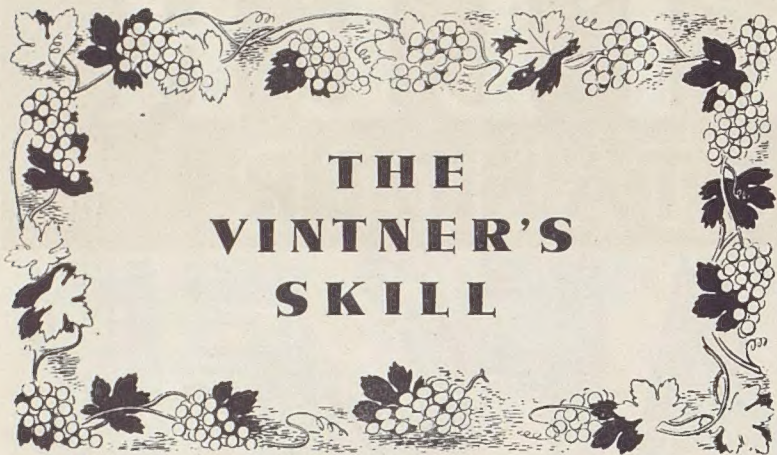
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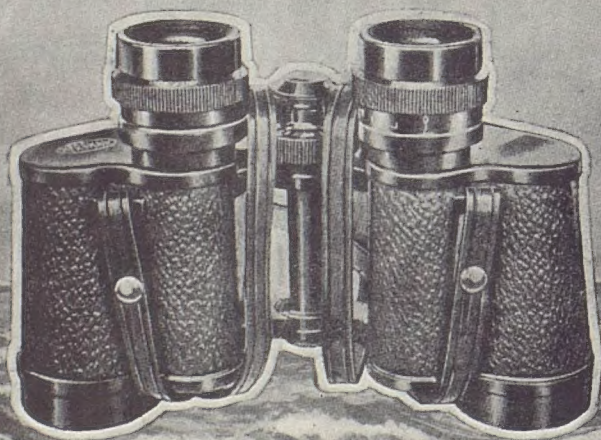
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“Oh Wise Young Judge, How Do I Honour Thee!”

Rosalind Russell has a new role as Cornelia Porter, the emotional feminine judge in M.G.M.'s latest film, *Design for Scandal*, which she handles with her usual wit and charm. Concerned with a case of divorce and alimony, she herself becomes entangled in a love affair with Jeff Sherman (Walter Pidgeon), ace photographer, whose wife she finally agrees to become. Sometimes described as Hollywood's best-known “bachelor girl,” Rosalind Russell married Fred Brisson, son of Carl Brisson, the Danish actor, in Santa Barbara last October, and she was one of the first Hollywood stars to enlist in the Women's Emergency Corps of Beverly Hills after America's entry into the war. She is probably the only film actress ever to have graduated with honours in metaphysics, theology and English. Her most recent film appearances in London were in *Married But Single* with Melvyn Douglas, *The Feminine Touch*, and last December in *They Met in Bombay*, when she played opposite Clark Gable. *Design For Scandal* is now running at the Regal



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

After St. Nazaire

A WONDERFUL stimulus was given to the whole country last week when the full details became known of the daring British raid on St. Nazaire. This was just the kind of tonic the people needed. It did much to dispel the gloom and the depression which had been settling down on the country as the winter closed with a long series of military reverses and disasters. There can be no doubt that the Germans have been greatly disturbed by the new aggressive tactics now being employed from Britain, both in landing operations on to the Continent and by the heavy blows of the R.A.F. By the gallant exploit at St. Nazaire, proof has been given to the whole world that there is nothing wrong with the fighting spirit of our picked troops and the rest of the armed forces are encouraged by the reflected glory.

General de Gaulle has reminded us in a well-timed speech that as a people we are liable to indulge in extremes of emotion both optimistic and pessimistic. Last year we were perhaps unduly elated and subsequently complacent. Lately we have been indulging in an undue excess of gloom. It has not been helped by the over-loud criticism of our generals. We have for long been a race of professional sailors and we are rapidly becoming a race of professional airmen. We have never aspired to being a race of professional soldiers although in our history we have sent out many fine armies. Public criticism of our military leaders as a whole is both unfair to some of the brilliant young generals we have in the field and bad for the morale of the troops, who in time might begin to lose confidence in their officers.

Mr. Churchill in Defence

THE Prime Minister has been one of the first to recognise this fact, but there were those who thought it odd that he should have chosen the occasion of an address to the Conservative Party Caucus for his spirited defence of the officer class. I can well believe none the less that Mr. Churchill, whose fertile brain is

always originating strategy calling in its execution for generalship of the highest order, must sometimes wish that he had more brilliant and experienced commanders at call. It seems to me that this lack could be made good by drawing more extensively on the services of the young generals who are fighting on the Allied side but have not at their disposal large bodies of troops.

Take for example some of the young French generals. I mentioned a few of them in these notes last week. General Leclerc, whose brilliant operation in southern Libya has done much to safeguard the shortest supply line for American equipment destined for Russia and the Middle and Far East, certainly looks like a man who would distinguish himself with more divisions under his command.

In a way Australia has set us an example by asking an American general to assume supreme command over the organisation of her defences. General MacArthur was clearly wasted in the limited theatre of the Philippines, although the magnificent way in which he planned and carried through the defence of the Batan Peninsula has been a source of inspiration to all of the United Nations. It incidentally gives grounds to believe that the American troops, as they move into one battlefield after another, will show that they have the fighting spirit developed in high degree. We did not hesitate to entrust the defence of the Dutch East Indies to Admiral Helfrich, though alas at a stage when our own disasters had left him with an almost hopeless task.

Poles Plan Their Revenge

SOMEWHERE in the British Isles a Polish army, rescued from the campaigns, first in its own country and then France, where they proved themselves to be among the finest troops in the field, is dreaming of the day when it will be able to get back on to the Continent armed with the sword of the avenger. We must hope that their troops will not have to wait too long before they can once again come to grips with their hated enemy. These men have their own very clear idea of how they will



£10,000 For Warships

The Countess of Oxford and Asquith was photographed at the Savoy Hotel while awaiting the arrival of the Mayor and Mayoress of Westminster, to whom she presented, on behalf of the Savoy, a cheque for £10,000 for London's Warship Week

settle problems which the more academically minded are thinking of in terms of plebiscites and transfers of population. When the Polish divisions get back into Germany—and it is worth while remembering that many more Polish divisions are now being formed in Russia—it will be a bad day for the Boche. These Poles have too much knowledge of the brutal policy of suppression and extermination still being relentlessly pursued in their country, to have any thoughts of mercy for the vanquished. The same goes for the Greeks, who are being allowed to starve by their thousands a day, the persecuted Yugoslavs and Czechs, while there is steadily growing evidence of the rising temper in occupied Holland, Belgium and France.

Within the next two or three weeks we should be able to form a rather clearer picture of what Germany will try to do this summer. Certainly all her present preparations are for a renewed attack against Russia, and there is reliable evidence that she contemplates resort to yet more ruthless and barbaric methods of warfare in a desperate attempt to secure a decision this year. The Russians are aware of this and will be prepared to give the

Four R.A.F. Officers Receive the Order of Lenin

M. Maisky, the Soviet Ambassador, is here seen presenting the Order of Lenin to Wing Commander Ramsbottom-Isherwood, who led the R.A.F. wing which helped defend Leningrad. The other three officers to receive the order were Pilot Officer Charlton Haw, Squadron Leader A. G. Miller and Squadron Leader A. H. Rook

Mrs. A. G. Miller and Mrs. Ramsbottom-Isherwood went to see their husbands decorated by M. Maisky. With them is Miss M. Holmes, who is engaged to Pilot Officer Haw. The Order of Lenin, the highest Soviet honour, given only for exceptional services to the nation, carries with it many special privileges





Mrs. Lionel Whitehead

For the sixth time there is a woman chairman of the Central Council of the Conservative Party. The present chairman is Mrs. Lionel Whitehead, who was elected to the post a fortnight ago. This picture of her was taken in London at the Ladies' Carlton Club

enemy large doses of whatever medicine he may dare to employ. That is why we must hope that the steady flow of American troops to these islands will release more and more of our own well-trained divisions to attack Germany in whatever way, and at whatever place our General Staff may consider the most promising to foil Hitler's plans and hasten the internal collapse by which the downfall of the Reich is most likely to come about.

Inter-allied Diplomacy

LORD HALIFAX must be a very busy man these days. It was long foreseen that when the United States came into the war Washington would become a centre of first-class diplomatic importance. The latest outward sign has been the formation of a Pacific War Council in Washington comparable to the body already in existence which sits in London. These bodies enable the ministers of all the countries actively engaged in the Far Eastern war to keep in close touch with one another, to pool their ideas and their resources. No less important is to establish ever closer ties with Moscow. Active discussions are being carried on in Washington by Lord Halifax on this theme, and he and President Roosevelt have the assistance just now of Mr. John G. Winant, the American Ambassador to London. I expect that before long something positive will emerge from these talks.

Britain and America are already exchanging ideas on the future world order which must be brought into being after the defeat of the Axis Alliance. Many people hope that they will be able, before long, to give some clear public expression of their views. There is a growing feeling in this country that the positive aims for which the United Nations are fighting are not sufficiently known and understood. Perhaps that is because little thought has been given to the subject. It has been too widely held that the purely negative aspect of war—defence of the existing hearth and home—is a sufficient war aim for any people. We are beginning to find out that that is not true. The way the war is developing now makes it look as though England were destined to become an always more heavily manned strong point on the western borders of Europe, the assembly ground for the forces of liberation.

During this period it will be more than ever necessary to tell the British people why these abnormal conditions must be imposed upon them.

Sir Stafford's Task

As I write the result of Sir Stafford Cripps's mission to India is not yet known, though the prospects appear not unfavourable. Whatever the outcome, it is evident that Sir Stafford has had a large measure of personal success, and handled the brief period of negotiation with considerable skill. It was obviously good tactics to insist on a quick decision in principle. Nothing helps people to make up their minds quickly so much as an intimation that the bearer of an offer has already booked his passage for home. I remember Lord Baldwin finding himself obliged to adopt the same method at the Ottawa Conference in 1932, when the proceedings had dragged on to a point where there was very real danger of an ugly breach between Britain and Canada at what ought to have been a happy family gathering.

So far as I can see Sir Stafford will come back to this country with his reputation enhanced, and fortunately he will not have been away for too long. In his absence Mr. Eden has led a not-too-tractable House of Commons with tact and skill. Mr. Oliver Lyttelton has made an excellent personal impression in explaining the lines along which he hopes to improve war production. There is a strong feeling that with the return of Sir Stafford Cripps these three men will work together as a powerful team, and thus be able to relieve Mr. Churchill of much of his responsibilities.

Although the Prime Minister's day is now lightened by the fact that his visits to the House of Commons can be much more infrequent, there has not, I believe, been any change in the bad system of doing half Whitehall's most important work in the middle of the night. Mr. Churchill's habits of diet and repose are too long established to be susceptible to change at this stage in his life.

Politics and Persons

EVOLUTION in our political affairs is developing apace. A straw in the wind is the growing number of Independent M.P.s. There are now fourteen in the House and there may be some more when the several by-elections now pending have been decided. It will be particularly interesting to see what impression Sir James Grigg, the new Secretary for War, makes on the electors of East Cardiff. There he is being opposed by an Independent Labour candidate with the gift of the gab. Sir James is a fighter to the last inch, but we have not yet had an opportunity to see him in the hurly-burly of electioneering.

Nobody seems to know for certain how long Lord Beaverbrook will find it necessary to remain in Florida in order to regain his health. I fancy that he will not be doing any large amount of work in connection with supply and I have no doubt that he is keeping his eye firmly fixed on the trend of political events in England.

Before he left for America he had been seeing a great deal of political personalities here who are usually classified as belonging to the extreme Left. This was perhaps a part of the explanation for the fact that he and Mr. Ernest Bevin found it so difficult to get along with one another. Mr. Bevin's brand of Trade Union politics does not take kindly to movements which encourage new-fangled ideas in the ranks of Labour. But I believe that Lord Beaverbrook also was much opposed to the inclusion in the Government of Sir Stafford Cripps, another potential leader of progressive political thought in this country.



Enid "Savings" Stamp Taylor

"Stamp your way to victory" was the slogan for this Warship Week effort at the May Fair Hotel. Enid Stamp Taylor, the well-known stage and screen star, showed two sailors how to cover Mr. Churchill's life-size portrait with savings stamps, till he carried some £40 worth, and only his face remained uncovered



Broadcasting in German

The B.B.C.'s new Brains Trust "takes the air" every Wednesday night, and the language used is German. Members of the Trust, who answer listeners' questions from all over the world, are Mr. Hugh Carleton Greene, once a newspaper correspondent in Berlin; Professor Lindley Fraser, formerly of Aberdeen University; Mr. R. H. Crossman, ex-Oxford Don; and, back to the camera, the Question Master, Sergeant Charles Richardson



King Peter at an Opening Ceremony

Princess Romanovsky Pavlovsky, in national dress, received King Peter of Yugoslavia, when he went to open the new offices of the Yugoslav Relief Society, and afterwards she showed him some of the exhibits. The Princess, formerly Lady Mary Lygon, is chairman of the society

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

By James Agate

A Middling Dair

ABOUT *The Man Who Came Back* (London Pavilion) we are informed in the programme that it is "the story of the people who live in the strange country near the awesome Okefenokee Swamp of Georgia" (Georgia in the United States, be it noted, not the Russian province as I at first surmised). And with such a name it is no wonder that the aborigines—sorry, inhabitants—of this district are, to transpose the famous phrase of a popular B.B.C. comedian, very tasteless, very sour. Indeed they are not so much primitive as primeval. Certainly their speech is an improvement on that of Neolithic man in so far as it comprises a vocabulary of at least fifty monosyllables.

BUT their actions! One is reminded of the anthropoid apes; except when they are mating, everybody seems to want to kill everybody else, or at least beat him to death. As for the women, they are so moronic that Dora Copperfield herself would seem a genius in comparison. In fact, the most intelligent person in the film is the dog Trouble, whose name, were it applied to some impressionistic play, would symbolise the trend of the whole story. For all is Trouble.

Trouble when the innocent man is accused of murder and must fly for seven years into a troublesome swamp in which he is the only human inhabitant. Trouble when the young man finds the poor fellow with aid of the dog Trouble, and the now old gentleman, sorely troubled, refuses to desert the swamp to which, according to the strange and awesome tastes of these Georgians, he seems positively attracted.

There is more trouble when the young man picks on the wrong girl (a bad girl) and when

the right girl (a good girl) refuses to be made love to, because she thinks he is going to bring her father, who, of course, is the wrongfully accused swamp devotee, back to danger and re-arrest.

Trouble when the real murderer is buried alive in the swamp. And trouble (to us) about a middle-aged lady whom every one calls Miss Hannah, who repels the stormy advances of a middle-aged suitor, and who in a later scene starts to tell the young man what it is all about but, just as she is starting the narrative, is faded out. Can this be the work of the censor? For we see the enigmatic and middle-aged lady no more. However, trouble ceases towards the end of the film, when the falsely accused man is reinstated, the good girl is reconciled to the young man, and a village dance, much simplified from the *Sacre du Printemps*, brings things to an untroubled ending.

THIS highly depressing stuff is well acted by Walter Brennan, Walter Huston and Dana Andrews: indeed the whole cast struggle bravely with the forbidding material. The film is directed by Jean Renoir, who so delighted us way back with his *Bête Humaine*; here, alas, he has little scope for his great talents. For who could do much with a swamp, which is the swamiest ever seen, a series of backyards and back kitchens as shabby as they are dreary, and a dance hall with the walls peeling off? Skeletons of animals. Cries of hungry birds. What would Papa Renoir have said to that?

IF ever I am sued for alimony, I hope it will be in an American court, of the kind we see at the beginning and end of *Design for Scandal*, the new film at the Regal. I may not get

justice, but a good time will be had by all. I shall be allowed to interject into any part of the proceedings any little pleasantries that may occur to me; if I decide to defend myself I shall, if so moved, be allowed to hold the plaintiff's hand whilst I cross-examine her; and I shall be permitted to entertain the crowd by being witty at the judge's expense. After great provocation, the judge may fine me a couple of hundred dollars for contempt of court, but I shall have had my money's worth.

THE judge in this case is a lady, Rosalind Russell, very incorruptible and obviously wearing a sea-green dress. She comes down heavily against the defendant, Edward Arnold, who then plots revenge and employs Walter Pidgeon to inveigle the judge into a private scandal that may cause her removal from the bench. Pidgeon, of course, falls in love with her, but when his heinous attempt to corrupt the course of justice is discovered, the court beams at him and sentences him to one day's imprisonment. Guy Kibbee, as the superior judge has found out that Pidgeon is in love with the inferior judge. Yes, I shall certainly try to arrange that my alimony actions are tried in the U.S.A.

THE programme at the Regal also contained an, in some ways, excellent short M.O.I. film entitled *Builders*. This showed the enormous amount of work being done in the building line in parts of the country not habitually visited by the general public. The film strikes a note of commiseration for the men engaged in this work, and I am not quite sure about this. Bricklaying cannot be much fun at the best of times, and it doesn't seem to me to matter in what part of the country one does it. The lack of home comforts? But there are hundreds of thousands of men lacking home comforts at the moment, and the point is not a good one to make.

This film also suggests that if after the war we continue pouring out money now devoted to the war upon improving the workers' conditions, this country will find itself in Paradise. It won't; it will find itself in bankruptcy. No, I take it that the business of M.O.I. films is (a) not to argue and (b) not to argue unsoundly.



The Man Who Came Back (London Pavilion)

Somewhere in Georgia there is a swamp known as the Okefenokee Swamp. In it live a strange community of simple men and women, and fugitives from justice. "The Man Who Came Back" is a grim, slow-moving story directed by Jean Renoir of an old man, Tom Keefer (Walter Brennan) who is wrongly convicted of murder and forced to hide in the swamp. Ben (Dana Andrews) in search of his dog, Trouble, meets the old man, is convinced of his innocence and does finally succeed in leading the sheriff to the guilty men. In the first picture you see the meeting of the two men, Tom and Ben, with the dog that has brought them together; in the second, the final chase after the real murderers through the alligator-infested waters of Okefenokee with Julie (Anne Baxter), Tom's daughter, in the foreground



"Manpower" at the Warner Theatre has three great stars in Marlene Dietrich, Edward G. Robinson and George Raft. Directed by Raoul "High Sierra" Walsh, the film tells of the dangerous life of the linesmen who repair the high-tension wires on the Pacific Coast. Daughter of a linesman, Marlene, as Fay Duval, marries one of her father's gang, Hank (Edward G. Robinson) and falls in love with another Johnny (George Raft). Above Hank and Fay are seen in the kitchen of their home, the man idolising the beautiful girl he has married, the girl driven nearly to madness by the strain of her pretence to love (Edward G. Robinson and Marlene Dietrich)

After an accident Johnny is brought to Hank's home to be nursed back to health by Fay. By this time Fay is head over heels in love with Johnny. She tells him she loves him but Johnny is contemptuous, so she decides to leave Hank and go and find work in Chicago (Marlene Dietrich and George Raft)

As star turn at the Midnight Club, Fay sings two numbers: "I'm in No Mood for Music Tonight" and "He Lied and I Listened"

Marlene and Manpower

The Dietrich with George Raft and Edward G. Robinson



Johnny persuades Fay to tell Hank of her plans. She tells him she is going to leave him because of her love for Johnny. Murder in his heart, Hank goes out after Johnny but is himself killed. The tragedy leads to happiness for Fay and for Johnny who, with the death of his old friend, can declare his love for Fay (Edward G. Robinson and Marlene Dietrich)



The Theatre

By Horace Horsnell

Skylark (Duchess)

ALL for love, and the world well lost is a grand theme for a dramatist, and Shakespeare and Dryden both did marvels with it. Mr. Samson Raphaelson, the author of this modest American version, would probably be the last to claim kinship with his illustrious predecessors. His heroine is no Cleopatra, but the cosiest of little New York wives, and his hero has only his Christian name in common with Antony.

It is possible that neither Tony nor Lydia knew much about their classic prototypes. Yet the world of advertising, which Tony was conquering, was the world that Lydia would have deemed well lost for love.

Dear Lydia! She, at any rate, had one thing in common with the Serpent of old Nile, and that (if history may be credited) was the charm with which Miss Constance Cummings endows her.

LYDIA had been married to Tony for seven years—five years too long, she felt, as the preparations for their anniversary dinner-party gather way, and Tony, his thoughts full of business, had not even kissed her "many happy returns."

Poor Lydia! poor frustrated little Skylark. She was so eager to sing of her love at heaven's gate, or as near it as a little attention from Tony would have transported her. But Tony cared more for the business than the dream, and put up as tiresome an imitation of the pre-occupied business man as ever drove a loving little wife to think of Reno. He kept for the office what was due to the home, and poor Lydia, we gathered, was hardly even a sleeping partner.

The house was smart, and Lydia was charming. Her cook was a treasure openly coveted by Myrtle who was coming with her husband to dinner. They were not the guests Lydia would have chosen for this particular party. Yet she was a dutiful if disconsolate wife, and Myrtle's husband could make or mar Tony's business fortunes. But when it came, as a command from Tony, to parting

with the cook as a sop to Myrtle, it also came pretty near to the parting of the ways, and Lydia felt she had reached her rubicon. It needed, indeed, only the mischievous prompting of Bill Blake, Myrtle's gigolo, to incline her to cross it.

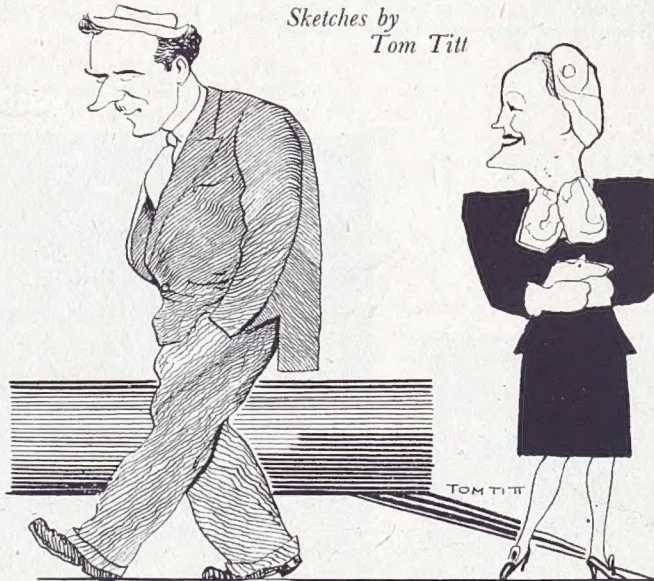
BILL was one of those fatigued, disillusioned pilgrims on life's way who, having lost their own bearings, enjoy misdirecting their fellow travellers. And his frank approach and metaphorical patter seemed just what Lydia's predicament needed.

As an uninvited but welcome guest, Bill lacked manners but was full of intimate charm. As an invited but unwelcome guest, Myrtle behaved characteristically. She praised the cooking, and she got the cook. But she feared



The ex-beauty queen, Myrtle Valentine, who believes in keeping an eye on her rich husband's advertising agent (Valerie Taylor)

Sketches by
Tom Titt

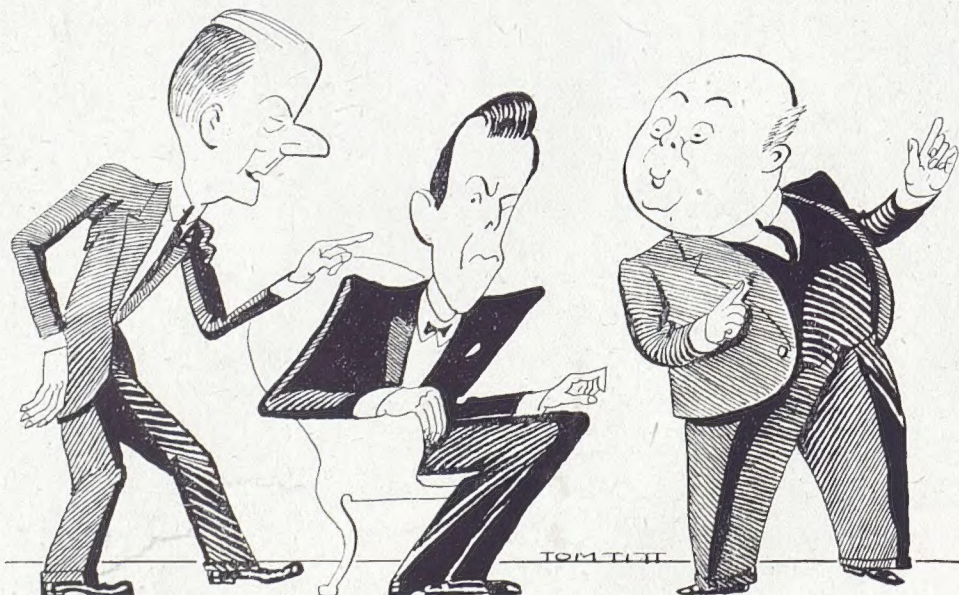


Bill Blake, New York's most brilliant divorce lawyer, finds that he would like to be more than the family lawyer in the Kenyon divorce (Hugh Sinclair and Constance Cummings)

that she had lost her Bill to Lydia. And if she had, it would have been good-bye to Tony's great expectations.

The party went off without obvious disaster till Myrtle, ready for bed, realised that her hostess was missing, and that Bill was missing too. They had wandered out into the night to continue their discussion of Elysium and practical ways and means for Lydia to get there. Bill, by the way, though a battered romantic, was also the cutesy lawyer in town, and so was able to add professional advice to his encouragement of Lydia's desperate thoughts of divorce.

When Lydia returned from that fateful but innocent stroll, she found the party over, the other guests gone and the connubial faith in the fire. Tony was cross



Business colleagues treat Tony Kenyon's problem of a run-away wife as they would an advertising question (John Miller, John Clements and Lloyd Pearson)

THE subsequent permutations of this little fantasia, however, need not seriously detain us. Tony's loss of Myrtle's patronage and his job, his artful dissimulation and Lydia's fond response, their week of glorious freedom including a marvellous day at Coney Island and a sub-Barriresque cadenza on the theme of thwarted motherhood and adopted babes—these had little but a curtain-deferring interest, and that interest was largely due to the candid charm with which Miss Constance Cummings—the life and soul of the party—invests it.

She holds our interest in Lydia's dumps and dimplings. We like her sad, we like her gay, we like her all the time. And if Tony's divided devotion leads her, and Mr. John Clements, a pretty dance, they dance it with mutual zest.

Both as a character and a part, Myrtle is a tease, and we applaud and enjoy Miss Valerie Taylor's refusal to truckle unduly to either, while giving both some superbly Olympian slaps. Bill is perhaps the most credible part in the play, or Mr. Hugh Sinclair's attractive performance makes it seem so.

"The Dancing Years"

Music, Spectacle, Romance—
and Ivor Novello



The first meeting of the unknown composer, Rudi Kleber, and the reigning opera star of Vienna, Marie Ziegler (Ivor Novello and Muriel Barron)

When war broke out, *The Dancing Years* was at Drury Lane. The theatre was taken over by Ensa, and Ivor Novello took his *Dancing Years* to the provinces. He has now brought it back to London and at the Adelphi Theatre it is as popular as ever. As the unknown composer, Rudi Kleber, who rises to fame only to be crushed by the Nazi invasion of his beloved Vienna, Ivor Novello, author, composer, director and hero, has full scope for his many talents. Roma Beaumont, the original heroine, dances charmingly, Muriel Barron is the new leading lady, while Olive Gilbert as the retired diva and Veronica Brady as Hatti, add comfortable charm and comedy



Thrown out of his lodgings by a landlady who has no faith in his music, Rudi tries to reassure his two friends, Grete and Hatti, that success is round the corner (Roma Beaumont, Veronica Brady and Ivor Novello)

One, two, three! Up She Goes!

Photographs by Swaebe



Social Round-about

The "Tatler and Bystander" in Town and Country

Quiet Easter

THEIR MAJESTIES spent Easter, like most of us, very quietly indeed. When the House is "up," the flow of official papers from Government departments for the King's attention diminishes sensibly, and gives his Majesty the chance of a few days' freedom in which to devote himself to his private affairs, and spend some time with his family.

So for the Easter break the King went with the Queen into the country, to spend a short time with Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret. There were no royal entertainments or parties, and the King found most of his pleasure in long walks through the spring countryside, with Princess Elizabeth as his only companion. His Majesty has always been a great walker. When the Court was at Holyrood, his favourite walk was up to the top of Arthur's Seat and back, a little expedition which most visitors to Edinburgh regard as quite enough walking for one day, but which to his Majesty was a pleasant relaxation after a day spent mostly on his feet.

Dr. Lang's Last Royal Function

THE last royal function to be carried out by the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Lang, before his retirement, was the confirmation of Princess Elizabeth, which took place at Windsor Castle on the eve of Palm Sunday, in the private chapel of the Castle, which is used exclusively by members of the Royal Family and their households.

Dr. Lang was assisted by the Dean of Windsor, Dr. Baillie, and by Canon Crawley. The King and Queen were present; so was Queen Mary, who travelled up from the West Country specially for the occasion, and the Princess Royal, who gave her niece and godchild a diamond brooch to keep in memory of the occasion.

Princess Elizabeth will be sixteen on April 21st. Her great-great-grandmother, Queen Victoria, was a few months older when she was confirmed by Dr. Howley, the then Archbishop of Canterbury, in the Chapel Royal, St. James's.

Yorkshire Visit

THE Queen is so busy these days that it is only on very rare occasions that she can visit friends in the country. An opportunity came recently when their Majesties were touring Yorkshire, and the Queen was able to take a few hours off from official duties to visit Lady Doris Vyner at Studley Royal, near Ripon. Lady Doris, who is the Duke of Richmond's sister and married Lieut.-Commander Clare George Vyner, R.N., a kinsman of the Earl of Northampton, in 1923, is one of the Queen's oldest and closest friends. Her eighteen-year-old daughter, christened Elizabeth after her Majesty, is one of the Queen's few godchildren.

P.M.'s Effigy is a Best-Seller

BEST-SELLER of savings stamps in London's Warship Week was a life-size cut-out image of Mr. Winston Churchill. Slogan said: "Stamp your way to victory! £ the enemy!" Anyone who bought a stamp could stick it on the Prime Minister. In a remarkably short time the effigy was completely covered with £40 worth of stamps, only the smiling face remaining visible. Credit for a very clever idea goes to Mr. John Steel, London hotel publicity manager. His idea was subsequently copied in Trafalgar Square, with equal success. Now Lord Kindersley proposes to get Mr. Churchill to add his signature to the two stamp-covered images and auction them for Britain's benefit.

Travelling Theatre

COUNTRY-BOUND theatre-lovers have had more than a year's benefit now from the Market Theatre, which celebrated its first birthday by broadcasting in the series "The Theatre in Wartime" on April 1st. Under C.E.M.A. auspices it has been all over the country, from Westmorland to Cornwall, taking London stars to village, church and school halls.

Ursula Moreton, who used to be a leading dancer and ballet mistress at Sadler's Wells, founded the Theatre. Vivienne Bennett, Geoffrey Kenton, Walter Hudd and Bernard Miles are among the stars who work for it,



Lord Carrington's Bride-to-be Harlip

The marriage of Iona, younger daughter of Sir Francis and Lady McClean, of Huntercombe Place, Henley-on-Thames, to Captain Lord Carrington is to take place at the Guards' Chapel on April 25th. Lord Carrington is in the Grenadiers. He succeeded his father in 1938

either by acting in the company or helping with the running of it. Ivor Brown, C.E.M.A.'s dramatic representative, is a lion-hearted friend, as he is to all such C.E.M.A.-sponsored ventures.

Lady Henley, who is a founder member of the Council, was the Market Theatre's untiring backer and helper when it was touring Northamptonshire. In Derbyshire the company appeared in villages on the Chatsworth estate, where the Duchess of Devonshire and her daughters saw performances. In Essex, people walked through thick snow from five villages round to see the show at Finchingfield, where John Gielgud, who is the Council's president, has his country home.

—And Enthusiastic Fans

AUDIENCES have included bishops and deans, factory workers, refugees, schoolchildren, miners, evacuees, members of all the Forces, British and Allied. Fans have included four small boys who were found sitting with tightly closed eyes on the ground outside a village



Cabaret Star and M.P.

Swabe

Daphne Barker, who, with her husband, Jack, raised £300 for London's Warship Week by auctioning copies of their songs at the May Fair Hotel, was photographed with Mr. Norman Bower, the recently elected Conservative Member for Harrow



Young People Forgathered

Lady Margaret Fortescue, Miss Penelope Henderson, Mr. Thomas Colville, Mr. Peter Gibbs, Miss Lavinia Lloyd and Miss Penelope Forbe shared a table. Lady Margaret Fortescue is the elder daughter of Earl Fortescue, of Castle Hill, Barnstaple



Sir Leonard and Lady Milburn's Daughter-in-Law and Daughter Harlip

Mrs. Milburn is the wife of Sir Leonard and Lady Milburn's elder son, John, who is now a Lieutenant in the Northumberland Hussars. They were married in 1940. Mrs. Milburn is the former Miss Joan Butcher, of Edlington Hall, Lincolnshire

Miss Darea Milburn is the elder of Sir Leonard and Lady Milburn's two daughters. She is an energetic war worker, and gives a great deal of her time to nursing and A.R.P. duties near her home, Guyzance, Acklington, Northumberland

hall, hoping to collect enough money for their tickets by pretending to be blind!

After a gruelling winter of one-night stands and long, cold van drives between performances, the present company have just been having a holiday. Their new tour starts in Surrey on April 13th, and goes on to Devon, Cornwall and the West Country.

Yugoslav Occasion

THE Yugoslav Relief Society have new premises in Piccadilly, and there was a reception to declare them open. King Peter was there, very young and attractive in khaki, with a big red-lined overcoat. Mr. Drexel Biddle was one of the people who talked to him, also Prince Svelode of Russia, whose wife, Princess Romanovsky-Pavlovsky, the former Lady Mary Lygon, was wearing big, gay, embroidered Yugoslav clothes. There was a portrait of her in one of the rooms.

Several other people were dressed up, including Miss Ruth Glover. Princess Natasha

Bagration looked nice in ordinary clothes; the Dowager Lady Swaythling was in her St. John Ambulance uniform, and Lady Cohen wore a piebald fur coat.

There was a display of national clothes, embroidery, jewellery and things.

—And a French One

GENERAL DE GAULLE was to have opened the Free French exhibition at Marshall and Snelgrove's. At the last moment other more urgent duties prevented this and his place was taken by General Legentilhomme, who came with Madame de Gaulle. A big crowd, including distinguished representatives of the various Allies, was there to see the fun, attendants wore picturesque national costumes, and members of the Free French Services added variety to the scene.

After three or four weeks in London, the Exhibition will tour the provinces. It stresses the theme of freedom. A big map shows the various ingenious routes by which French

people have escaped from France to fight for their country with their free compatriots. The incident of the five boys who rowed themselves across the Channel is recalled. And there are pictures of Malvern College, which has given over a house for Free French boys to finish their education.

About

MRS. CLIVE GRAHAM was out shopping with her sister, Miss Susan North, and Lady Isobel Milles, in an attractive tweed suit, was out too. So was Mrs. Harold Huth, whose first husband was Lord Hindlip.

Mr. Lyulph Stanley, Lord Stanley of Alderley's brother, was having a drink with Mr. Keiran Tunney, who was spending some leave with his guardian, Mr. Leslie Pike, who has a very pretty house in Culross Street.

Miss Lilli Palmer walked along Piccadilly, looking piquantly pretty in tweeds, low-heeled shoes and a little round felt hat: like a soldier's wife at a point-to-point.

Miss Sheila Hennessey wore lovely yellow stockings, like Malvolio's or Mrs. Henny Penny's in the Beatrix Potter book. And Mrs. Henry Martin looked preoccupied: the running of her Comforts Fund for Women and Children of Soviet Russia must take some doing.

Celebration

TWENTY-FIRST birthdays are dimmed, but not extinguished, by the war. Mr. Roderic Fenwick Owen became twenty-one with a jolly dinner-party at Marinez Spanish restaurant, where a smiling black band played Tunes of the 'Twenties by request.

His mother was there, and two tall V.A.D. sisters, out of uniform for the occasion. A cousin called Rawmsley, who arrived late, has a small film company called "Common Ground"—its object is to illustrate the ground common to the Allies.

Mr. Hallam Tennyson, descendant of the poet, was there. His film-director brother, who was married to Nova Pilbeam, was tragically killed in an aeroplane accident last year.

Mr. Mark Grishotti was another guest, and among people dancing later was Mr. "Pip" Bankier.

Personality

MISS JOAN HASLIP, whose books include *Parnell*, *Lady Hester Stanhope* and *Portrait of Pamela*, is a charming personality with a great many friends. She has spent much of her life in Italy, and is now working at the B.B.C.

(Concluded on page 56)



Sunday Afternoon Tea Dance in London in Aid of Queen Charlotte's Hospital, Hammersmith

Swaebe

At another table sat Miss E. Jackson, Mr. J. Bruce, Miss Diana Bowes-Lyon, Mr. P. C. Holt, Miss June Blagden and Sir Geoffrey Dawson. Sir Geoffrey succeeded his father, the late Sir Edward Dawson, in 1937

Mr. George Skender, Miss Valerie Gude, Miss Angela Cambitzi, Mrs. Leonard Rooke, Mr. Tim Mayley, Miss Constance Rooke, M.T.C., and Captain L. F. Rooke, K.O.S.B., made up a cheerful party of seven

Dining Out

At the Lansdowne and the Meurice



Left: Captain Lord Ebury, seen here dining out with his wife, has since been operated for appendicitis. He married last year, as his second wife, the Hon. Denise Yarde-Buller, the second of Lord Churston's four sisters



Miss J. Carlisle, daughter of Mrs. Denton Carlisle, was at a table for two with Mr. D. Bossom at the Lansdowne. He is the younger son of Mr. A. C. Bossom, the National Conservative M.P. for Maidstone



Two more diners at the Lansdowne, such a popular rendezvous with the younger generation, were Lieut. D. D. White and his wife. She is the daughter of Mr. E. L. Cadwallader



Dining together at the Meurice one evening were Mrs. Eion Merry and Captain Rufus Clarke. Mrs. Merry is Captain the Hon. Arthur Crichton's only daughter, and married in 1933 Captain Eion Merry, Lord Chetwynd's cousin, who is in the Blues

Photographs by Swaebe

Lord Selsdon and Miss Betty Greenish were another couple at the Lansdowne. He is a Lieutenant in the R.N.V.R., and before the war was very well known in motor-racing circles.

The Duke of Rutland lit a cigarette for Miss Vivien Bodley at the end of dinner. The Duke is a Lieutenant in the Grenadier Guards. He is twenty-three and succeeded to the title in 1940



Three Little Girls and Their Mother

Lady Horlick and Her Family



Trouble, the spaniel, lies at the feet of his three little mistresses, while their mother is reflected in the mirror



The gallery hall at Stubbings Manor makes a charming setting for Lady Horlick and her daughters, Diana, Natasha and Anna

Lady Horlick chooses a book from the shelves in the library. She is an Australian by birth, and hails from New South Wales



Lady Horlick has three daughters, Diana, Natasha and Anna, who live with their parents at Stubbings Manor, Burchett's Green, Berks. Diana Murray is Lady Horlick's daughter by her first marriage, and she is a great-niece of the late Lieut.-Colonel Sir Malcolm Murray, former Equerry to the late Duke of Connaught. Sir Peter Horlick succeeded his father in 1934, and the same year he married as his second wife the daughter of Mr. Roland Allport, of Sydney, New South Wales. Besides looking after the family business, of which he is chairman of the Australian branch, Sir Peter is a member of the Berkshire Constabulary, and puts his considerable talents as an amateur photographer at their disposition

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another
By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

AIRGRAPH letters are not altogether General Wavell's brainwave, as a military correspondent recently assumed. The same miniature photographic process was used for pigeon-post by the French in the Franco-Prussian War, 1870. So were civilian ration-cards, underground shelters, curses at the Government, complaints about munitions-shortage, protests against the deliberate shelling of hospitals by the Boche, and mobile anti-aircraft guns, designed by Krupp to attack the French military balloons on their journeys between Paris and Tours.

We know this because in priggish mood we looked it up, which many modern pundits ought to do when they have time. ("Check! Check! Check!"—Kipling.) Jokes about the Home Guard (Garde Nationale) were also rife in 1870, the Home Guard then being a body of toughs which didn't do much fighting but helped to set fire to Paris in the Commune of 1871 and took a big part in the Red massacres. Our authority is Mr. Henrey's recent *Letters from Paris*, a collection of despatches full of familiar noises such as the voice of that ass Napoleon III. assuring somebody on the eve of war that his good neighbours the Prussians would never attack France. Thus does History, poor old weary haybag, repeat herself like a demented parrot with hiccups.

To every lover of France such reminders are tonic. You'd never imagine France could recover from that appalling body-blow, nearly as lethal as the Hundred Years'

War. But she did, each time, and how quickly. A sinful people but terribly resilient, as we remarked in a recent protest to the Liberal Party against Continental vice.

Gasp

NOBODY gave a nervous yelp or even batted an eyelid, we observe with certain tremors, when Lord Kindersley publicly described Mr. A. V. Alexander, First Lord of the Admiralty, as "a good fairy" recently. So it can't be actionable.

It is actionable for a sour booksy boy to describe a rival booksy boy as "a born mother"; a case happened a few years ago and legal proceedings followed, Heaven alone knows why. (We'd be touched, surprised, and delighted if anybody called us that. Yip-pee!) Perhaps the sensitive booksy boy too hastily assumed his critic to be thinking in terms of the eighteenth century, when "mother" was cynically applied to keepers of celebrated London bagnios like Mother Moll King and Mother Midnight. Actually what was implied was something kind, soft, tender, old-fashioned and cuddle-minded. "Aunt" (as in "Aunt Joad") conveys much the same sweetness, with the least hint of high corsets and black bombasine, and maybe a touch of snuff on the old jabot.

Whether the House of Commons permits members the same elfin freedom as Lord Kindersley—e.g., "My hon. friend the member for East Burpington, that well-known fairy"—we don't know. Commons etiquette bars a great many words used



MAURICE MULLER

"This is the Ministry of Supply.
With reference to the consignment of
anthracite fuel for Newcastle——"

constantly by and about M.P.s. Maybe if a member got up and said: "Mr. Speaker, am I in order in describing the hon. and gallant member for King's Snorting as a cretinous stinkard?" the House might be surprised by a great jolly cry from the Chair of "Carry on, boy!" It would brighten *Hansard*, at that.

Correction

THAT pixie or elfin atmosphere—since we are on the topic—which oppresses the visitor to Broadcasting House so heavily, and maybe accounts for so many frightful offerings by those boys, is not pure Barrie, a chap in close touch assures us. It has more "devil," in a nice way, and derives from further back.

He traces it to the period—about the 1900's—when Pan used to peer suddenly from thickets in Surrey at gently-bred maiden ladies, sometimes actually prancing out and settling down in an English village for a space and turning things upside down, my dear, too amusingly. Lots of boys and girls wrote arch novels on this theme, apparently, revealing a Pan more whimsy and less objectionable than when he used to speed through the Thessalian forests tearing the pants off flying nymphs and causing havoc and embarrassment generally. And this, our informant says, is the prevailing B.B.C. atmosphere as well; dainty, daring, refined skulduggery, lavender and old winkypinky; startling at times, mayhap, but quite, quite irreproachable.

Pixies came in and left with Douce Aunt Ogilvie, he adds. In that more virile atmosphere they weren't very happy and kept being sick in the corridors, like evacuees.

Dream

AT the moment we are engaged in arid but (so far) courteous controversy with a distinguished Cambridge Don, on a question interesting the entire scientific world: namely, whether Gertie Millar sang that celebrated moon song at the Gaiety or the Palace, *temp.* Edward VII. The other week we said the Gaiety; this don frigidly insists on the Palace. He wouldn't have a leg to stand on if he was a centipede, in our sneering view.

Through golden mists, as we argue with this academic victim of chimeras and illusions (common to Cambridge), the Edwardian London of our childhood rises again, the streets crammed with lean, handsome,

(Concluded on page 46)



"Yes, the number is 8275—82—75; just think of the ages of Pythagoras and Archimedes"

Theatre News

Plays and
Personalities



Tunbridge-Sedgwick



Pauline Grant in "La Blanchisseuse" (the Little Laundress), Her Own Divertissement Described Below

A little over a year ago Pauline Grant ran her own season of ballet at the Little Theatre. She is a dancer of great versatility. In *La Blanchisseuse* she appears as a little French laundress. She drops her basket and from it picks in turn varied items of national costume, Spanish, Russian, Scottish and French. She dances in character with each. The divertissement is thus four studies of national character dancing. The greater part is sur les pointes and as such is a remarkable tour de force. Pauline Grant is to appear at the Cambridge Theatre next month in a Jay Pomeroy season of Russian opera and ballet



Captain George Elliott and His Actress Wife

Captain George Elliott, R.A.S.C., was married last year to Miss Carla Lehmann, the Canadian-born stage and screen actress. Captain Elliott is a well-known theatre Press representative. His wife has just completed the Warner Bros. film, "Flying Fortress," in which she plays the part of the American heroine opposite Richard Greene. She is now co-starring with Hugh Williams in "The Private Life of Jacqueline"

Sonnie Hale and Elsie Randolph in "The Maid of the Mountains" Revival

The Maid of the Mountains which, during the last World War, ran for three years (1352 performances) at Daly's Theatre, has been revived by Emile Littler at the Coliseum. Sylvia Cecil is playing Teresa, the title-role made famous by José Collins when the play was first produced in 1916 at the Princes Theatre, Manchester, and later in London. Sonnie Hale, husband of Jessie Matthews, is Tonio. Elsie Randolph, last seen with Jack Buchanan in *The Body Was Well Nourished*, is Vittoria, and other members of a distinguished cast include Malcolm Keen, who has been doing a lot of film work lately, and Davy Burnaby, that incomparable Co-optimist, whose return to the London stage is so heartily welcome



Standing By ...

(Continued)

willowy exquisites with beautifully-shaped pin-heads, elegant in glossy toppers, morning-coats, and yellow gloves, and lovely ethereal creatures in billowy diaphanous frocks and large flowery hats, swimming like goddesses, or tall ships; full of glowing windowboxes and sunshine and florists' shops; fragrant with rare perfumes, mixed with the aroma of gold-tipped Oriental cigarettes, wafted from every other Bond Street door (and Gertie Millar at the Gaiety). Allons, grandpère, tu radotes! The total change of key, the mediocre pans, the universal drabbery, the shrieking brashness of the times have temporarily given thee the sick, Grandad. Anyway, Gertie Millar was at the Gaiety and the show was *Our Miss Gibbs*.

Tipple

EXCEPT for a habit of perfectly balancing her Budgets, which drives our economists frantic with rage, and a present admirable system of government which makes our Left boys dance with impotent fury, our old and faithful ally Portugal has every chance before long of becoming extremely popular with the Island Race, it seems, if the wine trade's recent hopes are justified.

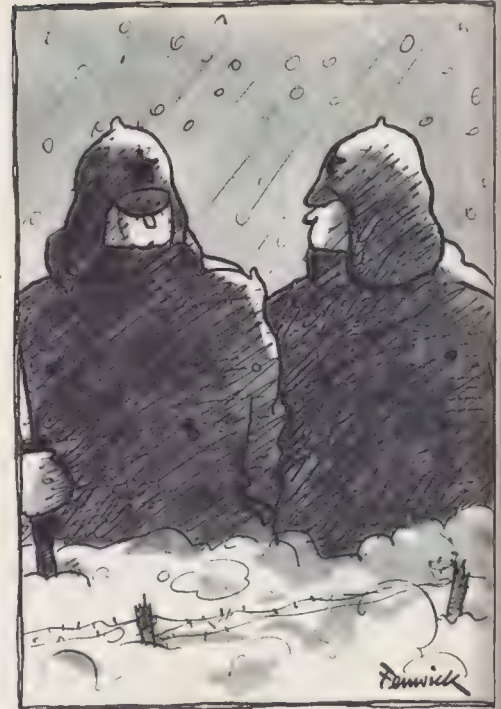
Our three-bottle ancestors, when cut off by the French wars from claret and burgundy, took to drinking loaded port to excess, went hopping mad with gout, flourished thick sticks, and disinherited everybody within reach. The spectacle of the great Pitt, one foot bandaged and himself half plastered, addressing a sozzled House after throwing back a few bottles in Bellamy's, did not evoke criticism from *The Times*, either, possibly because *The Times* was plastered as well. Excess of port made for long, indignant, sonorous speeches, constant fuss about the Balance of Europe, and a

Bruce Bairnsfather in Northern Ireland

The Creator of "Old Bill" Visits the American Army



"You never realise just how free the Irish Free State is, till you're standing near the edge of it, during the blackout"



"Makes one cry, Ivanovitch, to hear old Alvar Liddell pronouncing some of our places"

lot of bad temper (e.g., Pitt's bark "Roll up that map of Europe!" which may or may not have referred to the features of the Duchess of Devonshire, but is over-peremptory anyway). And the malignant offspring of the gouty were the chaps who brought about the Industrial Revolution, the death of agriculture and all those attendant benefits from which we are now suffering.

Moral

THE moral, obviously, is that port should be sipped temperately and not gulped by the bottleful; and as we shall be unable to do anything else for, maybe, half a generation at least, Posterity will not be able to snarl at us on this score at least, the tetchy old picklepuss.

Sweethearts

ENQUIRING tenderly after the pre-war Fitness Girls, a reader surmises that some of these iron babies must now be getting a bit long in the tooth, and that some may even have gone into their favourite nursing home for the last time. But if he thinks old age makes Fitness Girls any less devilish, this chap errs.

The oldest Fitness Girl we ever saw mocked at us as we lay exhausted in the heat near the summit of Monte Pisano, on the road to Lucca. She was withered and wrinkled and skinny as the Sibyl of Parzouist, she walked erect with an easy swing from the hips, her age was anything between 90 and 125, on her head she bore a huge bundle of pots and pans weighing half a hundredweight, and as she swung past she hooted derisively and pointed to our haversack, also to the gigantic frame of Aubrey Hammond, the artist, our walking companion, who had passed out. Fits of laughter shook the hag, nor did Tuscan peasant courtesy prevent her making a rude farewell gesture as she vanished. And that, we said to each other bitterly, is what keepin' for does even to girls with 2000 years of Latin civilisation behind them.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



The "Walrus" At Home

By Wing-Commander E. G. Oakley-Beuttler

Very much at home, too, to judge by our artist's impression of its home base and the welcome from its family. The "Walrus," incidentally, is a flying-boat and not a seaplane, which has floats. It is carried by all ships except aircraft-carriers and is used for reconnaissance



Three little maids—if not from school, then not very long out of it. Hella Kurty as Mitzi Keller, Leueen MacGrath as Vicki, and Esther Moncrieff as the Modiste

Sing a Song of Schubert

Richard Tauber Plays a Familiar Part in "Blossom Time"

Once again, Richard Tauber is singing the songs of Schubert to enchanted audiences. *Blossom Time* at the Lyric Theatre, presented by Tom Arnold, is described as Rodney Ackland's "entirely new play with music." Nevertheless, to Tauber fans and Schubert lovers it does little more than provide a conventional vehicle for the music of Schubert, against a background of love, life and laughter, of gaiety and charm, which represents to most of us Vienna of the early nineteenth century. The greater part of the second act is simply a Schubert song recital by Richard Tauber. As such, it delights every member of the audience



Plump and bespectacled, the lovesick Schubert gazes at the dancer master's daughter Vicki, who little suspects the passions she is unwittingly aroused. (Richard Tauber and Leueen MacGrath)

Photo: ...



Antique dealer and friend of Schubert is the distinguished-looking Pierre Lafond. It is he to whom Schubert turns when his need for money is urgent (Bertram Wallis)



Schubert and his rival in love, Peter von Hohenburg, the dashing young officer of the Archduchess's Bodyguard. It is Schubert's secret sorrow that Vicki has eyes for none but the young gallant (Richard Tauber and Neal Arden)



Schubert is in happy mood. His success is ... He believes that Vicki has heard the message of love in his music. He does not see the adoration of little Mitzi (Richard Tauber and Hella Kurty)



Little Mitzi Keller (Hella Kurty) is one of the pupils of the Wimpassinger Dancing School. She loves the great Schubert, but he has eyes for none but Vicki



Schubert's friends are Joseph Huttenbrenner (Darroll Richards), Frau Stomp (Margaret Yarde), Moritz von Schwind (Charles Gillespie), Wimpassinger (John Deverell), Venus (Jose Malone), Pierre Lafond, the Modiste, Minerva (Peggy Rowan), Johann Mayrhofer (Peter Upcher), Mitzi Keller and Schubert

ick Studios



The Archduchess receives Franz Schubert graciously. All Vienna sings his songs; all Vienna dances when his music is played. The great musician has achieved everything his heart desired, save only the love of his lady (Netta Westcott and Richard Tauber)



The inspiration of his loveliest music stands at his side as Franz Schubert pours out the words of love his tongue cannot utter through his beloved piano. Vicki is lost, but love remains, the all-absorbing love of his music (Leueen MacGrath and Richard Tauber)

Four of the Younger Set



Harlip

The Hon. Sheila Digby is the second daughter of Lord and Lady Digby, of Minterne, Cerne Abbas, Dorset, and is a granddaughter of the late Lord Aberdare. Her elder sister, Pamela, married Major Randolph Churchill, M.P., in 1939. Miss Digby was a member of the A.T.S. for a year, but had to resign on account of ill-health, and she is now helping her cousin, the Duchess of Norfolk, with the management and supervision of her horses in training at the Michael Grove stables in Sussex

The Hon. Pamela Nivison is Lord and Lady Glendyne's second daughter, and she has one brother and two sisters. Miss Nivison is nineteen, and one of this year's debutantes; she is going to join the Motor Transport Corps. Lord Glendyne owns Herontye, East Grinstead, in Sussex, and his place in Scotland is Aultmore, Nethy Bridge, Inverness-shire

Harlip



Lady Margaret Dorothea Boyle is the youngest of the three daughters of the Earl and Countess of Glasgow. Her elder brother, Viscount Kelburn, married Miss Dorothea Lyle, whose youngest brother, recently became engaged to Miss Elizabeth Sinclair, daughter of Sir Archibald and Lady Sinclair. Lady Margaret's elder sister married Captain Malcolm Wolfe Murray, The Black Watch, and the younger one is the wife of Lieut.-Commander the Hon. John Waldegrave.

Navana



Harlip

The Hon. Audrey Lyttelton is the second daughter of Viscount Cobham, Lord Lieutenant of Worcestershire, and of Viscountess Cobham. She is at present working on a farm, and before the war was studying sculpture. Her only brother, Lieut. the Hon. Charles Lyttelton, R.A., announced his engagement in January to Miss Elizabeth Makeig-Jones.



Anthony, Son of Mr. and Mrs. John Borthwick

Anthony and His Mother

New Pictures of Mr. John Borthwick's
Wife and Son



Mrs. Borthwick and Anthony Face the Camera Cheerfully



The wife of Mr. John Borthwick was, before her marriage in 1939, Miss Irene Heller, and is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. John Heller, of 2, Buckingham Place, S.W. Her husband, who is a lieutenant in the London Rifle Brigade, is the elder son of the Hon. James Borthwick, of Fox Hills, Long Cross, Surrey, brother and heir-presumptive to Lord Whitburgh. The John Borthwicks were married a short time after the outbreak of war in 1939, at Holy Trinity, Botleys and Lyne, in Surrey, and their only child, Anthony, was born last spring

Photographs by Marcus Adams

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

Visible or Invisible Means of Support

THE matter at issue is the crucial one of our trousers. I find that a state of alarm has been created by the pronouncement of the Secretary of the Retail Distributors Association, in which he has said: "Yet their complete elimination means that many men who customarily wear flannel trousers may now have to buy braces or belts. . . ." Quite apart from the fact that this may result in trousers being converted into "step-outs," the counterpart of female "step-ins," what is it suggested should happen? "Self-supporting devices" apparently are frowned upon, and braces are, in the same breath, said to be detrimental to that total war effort which we know is so desirable—so *where* are we? I can see only one middle course, a reversion to woad. Only a very few persons could stand this.

Tigers No Obstacle

AN optimistic correspondent of a famous London evening paper, wiring from Calcutta, suggests that the very fierce tigers which inhabit the Gangetic delta, called the Sunderbans, may prove an obstacle to any attempted advance by Japanese troops on the great city. I hate to be discouraging, but I am compelled to doubt whether this correspondent has ever met a tiger on the loose. He is a very shy bird, very susceptible to even the slightest noise, such as the click made by the gentlemen called "stops" who are posted in the trees when there is a beat on. These artists are so expert that they can steer the animal in any direction that he is required to go, and make him alter course, even a fraction of a degree port or starboard, as the case may be. The Sunderbans are stiff with tiger as well as a whole lot of other beasts, and we must not leave out the reptiles. Snakes are far more likely to prove an obstruction. They exist in

tremendous variety in these islands and creeks, and are mostly poisonous; but even the python, which is non-poisonous, can also be extremely objectionable. There is, however, another menace, and it is a more dangerous beast of prey than either the tigers or the snakes. It is a gentleman called the Anopheles mosquito, the kind that carries malaria. It is quite easy to tell him from the harmless one, because he dive-bombs: that is, stands on his head when he is giving you an injection. The ordinary kind grazes horizontally, just like a cow.

Stripes' "Snack-Bar"

THE tigers in the Sunderbans are very impertinent, and include a large number of the old brigade who have taken to man-eating, a thing which a tiger always does when he gets too slow to catch anything on four legs. There was a particularly gruesome incident of an old tiger who made a regular "snack-bar" of a body of coolies engaged upon reclamation with a steam-pump going all the time and kicking up a devil of a din. This did not stop Mr. Stripes, because he was cunning enough to know that he was on a good wicket, and could just pounce in and collect his hors d'œuvres whenever he liked. It got so bad that the overseer managed to arrange for an enthusiastic tiger-slayer to come and take a part. This sportsman, who was a very good shot, took cover somewhere underneath the pumping engine. If he had shown himself, the tiger would have at once twigged that something unusual was afoot, and would have turned tail. As it was, Stripes was a bit unlucky, for the rifleman got him bang through the neck with the first round, and brought his evil career to an end. Even with such an example as this of the boldness of these depredators, I am certain there is no tiger going to be such a fool as to charge a tank, or even a Bren-gun carrier!



Pooler, Dublin

Judging Pomeranians

Lady Edith Windham, herself a famous breeder of pomeranians and pugs, was a judge at the Irish Kennel Club Show. She awarded first and second prizes in the Pomeranian class to Mr. J. Miller's Heytesbury Magic and Mr. C. McCrae's Fay of Te-Hongi.

The City of Kali

IT has also been called the City of Palaces, but it is the G.H.Q. of that rather bloody-minded goddess in the Hindu Pantheon, who has one of her principal shrines at a place called Kalighat, on the fringes of Calcutta. And now this beautiful and extensive city is threatened with a visitation, alongside of which earthquakes, cyclones and the plague are as nothing. I hope that it will not have had its first taste of aerial warfare before the ink is dry upon this paper, but I should hesitate to lay any odds against it. The last time that Calcutta was devastated was by the shocking bad earthquake in the Consulship of Curzon, about 1898, I think. I was there at the time, but as it was only one of many memories, it gets a bit dim. After that shake-up, Calcutta looked very like some of the places to which "Von" Hitler has sent his planes. All the steeples of the numerous churches were off, the Cathedral one turning a complete turtle and diving through the



An R.A.F. Rugger Team Defeated Eton College by 40 Points to 3

This R.A.F. Rugger XV., who won their match against Eton, had previously been beaten by Harrow School by 10 points to 16. The referee, Sq. Ldr. Weston, generally plays for the team, but had been injured in an earlier match. Standing: M. E. Watt (touch judge), C. Baldwin, G. McBride, D. H. McAlpine, E. R. Fitch, F. Hewitt, G. H. Daniel, R. Berton, R. S. Riches, R. E. Davies, Sq. Ldr. A. Weston (referee); (sitting) L. Myerscough, Padre Wells, Sgt. S. West (captain), W./Cmdr. C. A. Walker (president of the Station R.F. Club), Sq. Ldr. G. Crawford, Sq. Ldr. K. MacKenzie, P. Heimsath.



D. R. Stuart

Eton College only began playing Rugger about five years ago, and only play the game during the spring half. This year they drew with University College before losing their match against an R.A.F. XV. Members of the team were (standing): J. E. Renton (touch judge), D. F. Bradstock, R. J. Fairfax, T. H. Fletcher, G. F. Farrer, C. G. Parker, M. J. Harker, A. H. Ball, R. M. Brooks, J. Bell (master and coach); (sitting) T. M. Hughes-Onslow, R. E. W. Lumley, P. C. Riviere, M. S. Bayley (captain), C. M. Wheatley, D. W. Stratton, D. E. C. Price.



Pool, Dublin

The Irish Kennel Club Championship Show was Held at Ballsbridge, Dublin

Miss Madge Mooney was showing Miss J. McConachie's Great Dane, Rainda of Onuborough, winner of Green Star and three firsts. The Kennel Club Show was celebrating its twenty-first anniversary

Miss Maureen Kiernan, of Derrycarne, Dromod, Co. Leitrim, won the Green Star and a first with Don of Derrycarne in the retriever class. Mrs. Eustace Duckett, of Castlemore, Tullow, Co. Carlow, was another prize-winner, with her dog Castlemore Bodson

A winning team of elkhounds was shown by Mrs. C. M. Thompson, of Goatstown, Co. Dublin, who is a very well-known breeder and exhibitor of this kind of dog. She won the Green Star, two firsts and one third

roof. The only place that was not seriously damaged was the High Court. The superstitious naturally said that there was a reason for this. I can testify, however, that when I drove a peculiarly attractive lady, wife of one of the Justices, round there immediately after the first shock, to see whether her husband's place of business was intact, there was a most distinct aroma of brimstone. So perhaps Auld Horney was backing up his side after all!

An Outraged C.J.

IT was upon this same occasion of Calcutta's big 'quake that the lovely lady and I also drove round to see how the Chief Justice was. He had only been appointed a few months before this catastrophe. He was a most impressive and handsome figure of a man, rather like those statues of Augustus Cæsar one sees around and about, and he took rather the same view of the world at large as did those old Roman Emperors. We found his Lordship out in the drive of his palatial abode, in his shirt-sleeves, and very badly upset by all the din and the dust and the rubble and brickbats. The C.J. was too much on edge even to accept our well-meant invitation that he should come inside his own house and have a stiffener at his own expense. He was also very full of indignation, and he considered, so far as I could make out, that he had a right of action for damages both against Providence and the people who had induced him to accept his exalted position.

His Lordship said: "Before I ever consented to take this job, I particularly asked them about earthquakes, and they swore there never were any—but here you are, the very first thing!"

However, he eventually recovered, and when, later, he went up to the giddy heights of Simla, "K.", who was then the C-in-C., referred to him in a speech at a Black Hearts dinner, as "a giddy moth." I believe that this is the first time that any Chief Justice has been so described. It is not for me to say whether the War Lord was right, but Lord Kitchener was a man of terrific penetration. The C.J. was, as narrated, very good-looking, and Simla is rather a dangerous spot, especially in the spring.

India's "Newmarket"

CALCUTTA is the headquarters of the Royal Calcutta Turf Club, and I suggest that it is not inapt to call it India's "Newmarket." It is the best course in the East, 1½ miles round, with a 5-furlong straight; on the inside of it a training course, which is usually made up with sifted stable litter and, for one part of it, sand. This sand gallop, which was only about 5 furlongs, was based upon solid brick, and

over the top the sand was about six to eight inches thick. It was devised to stand up to the heavy rain of the monsoon, for sand, as we know, binds the harder the wetter it gets. When we first heard about this brick foundation, some of us were certain that it was going to break every horse down, but the stewards and their advisers were much wiser, for it was the only way of providing a foundation from which the sand would not slip. It answered amazingly well. The racecourse has inside it a full-size polo ground, and in the rains they used to put up a hurdle racecourse, some schooling fences, and, after my time, a steeplechase course; but this, as I understand, was discontinued some years ago, as also was the big steeplechase course owned by the R.C.T.C. at a place called Tollygunge. A very fine course it was, with some startlingly big obstacles, but it was only used in the cold weather when the ground was hard, and so, in an endeavour to minimise the damage in the event of a fall, the landing sides of the fences were carefully dug up and heavily salted with sifted litter and a certain amount of sand.

This was all right up to a point, but I have yet to meet the chap who has taken a bumper riding over that course who has not felt as if he had been hit with a sledge-hammer. The casualties both to horse and man were frequently very devastating.

A Garden of Eden

AT this time of year, when Sir Stafford Cripps is in India, and may go to Calcutta, as well as to Delhi, the former capital of India is an absolute fairyland. Every street is bordered by a tree we used to call the Gold Mohur, with blossoms in every shade of gold and bronze of which you can think. There was, in addition, a tree which was very like the lilac, and there was also a spate of Indian laburnum. Anything more beautiful than the general effect it would be very difficult to imagine. All this was set off by Calcutta's Newmarket Heath, a wide-open expanse of turf called The Maidan, plentifully supplied with lovely trees, casuarinas, and many other varieties. There were also two very good golf-courses.



Officers of a Battalion of the South Staffordshire Regiment

Front row: R.S.M.J. Belch, Captain R. T. Webster, Major F. A. Hanson, the Commanding Officer. Captains H. A. Nisbet (Adj.), H. H. Lindop, M. Carter, N. C. Bishon; middle row: Captain C. H. Whitby, Lieut. D. Beavis, 2nd Lieuts. C. A. W. Jacques, W. G. Elkington, P. H. Curchod, Lieuts. D. H. Prior, D. A. Wright, E. A. Bartlett, J. Lunn, 2nd Lieuts. M. W. M. Whattler, C. F. Heywood; back row: Lieuts. T. P. W. McCarthy, R.A.M.C. (M.O.), B. H. Mason, C. Constable (Q.M.), 2nd Lieuts. R. W. J. Napier, G. D. Wyndham, E. Daley, E. G. Eldred, Lieuts. D. S. Taylor, H. G. Hickman

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

Great Name

THE ROOSEVELTS AND AMERICA," by M. Fortescue Pickard (Herbert Joseph; 16s.), makes a timely appearance. The title immediately caught my eye, and I feel that the book may likewise attract the interest of a number of English readers. Family history has in itself an obvious fascination. And the family whose history is told here is admittedly one of the most remarkable that the New World had put out. As her title suggests, it has been Mrs. Pickard's aim to show the relationship between the Roosevelts and the America to which, three hundred years ago, they came. Like all solid relationships, this has been reciprocal. The Roosevelts, having struck roots, made steady growth from the American soil. In return, they have given America much.

Franklin Delano Roosevelt is to-day, for the world, the voice of America. Behind his genius appears the force of tradition. It is, I believe, the general view that while genius itself may be a phenomenon, its constituents are, as a rule, inherited. In one man there may come to prodigious flowering qualities that in his forbears had been latent, or that had appeared, perhaps, but in a lesser degree. Mrs. Pickard has traced for us, in this book, the growth of the Roosevelt tradition. From facts she gives us, we may learn what helped to make the President what he is. Quite early, the Roosevelts were to produce a family type, and to make felt, in different kinds of public service, their very definite family ideal. Roosevelts, in fact, played parts of varying prominence in almost every act of American history. In one or another sense they were always active; they were never shy of accepting responsibility.

The family came from Holland, though it is believed to have been of Austrian origin. The first Nicholas ("Klaes") with his wife Jannetje landed in the New Amsterdam that was to become New York in 1649. His son Nicholas ("of Esopus"), born nine years later, became a prominent burgher of the city that, changing hands between the Dutch and the English and constantly menaced by the resentful Indians, was about to live through troublous times. The Indians had cause for resentment: rocky Manhattan Island had been cheated away from them—bought for a laughably low sum that was paid, when it came to the point, in its value in glass beads. ("Manhattan" is said, by the way, to be the corrupted version of the Indian words for "rock of the drunken men.")

Social Scene

ONE could wish that Mrs. Pickard had had the space (or the wish?) to fill in more fully the pictures of New Amsterdam and old New York that formed the first Roosevelt background. She is more

interested in constitutional than in social history—and while she has every right to her choice of interests this does deprive her *Roosevelts and America* of a pictorial charm that it might have had. The few "period" details she does give us—such as those excerpts from the diary of a lady who travelled from Boston to New York early on in the eighteenth century to attend a bargain sale—are fascinating, and stir the imagination. Myself, I could do with more of this.

Mrs. Pickard has, on the whole, preferred to limit herself to those aspects of early America that were immediately relevant to the Roosevelt family history. She may feel—and this is, no doubt, a fact—that much of the ground upon which she barely touches has been covered by other writers. If so, too few of their books have reached our shores. Perhaps, as our interest in America, with our deepening sense of our tie to her, increases, more will arrive. The quick growth of American civilisation—at first a faithful, homesick copy of Europe, then showing developments all its own—shows what the New World can do in three hundred years.

Nicholas of Esopus's three sons, Nicholas, Johannes and Jacobus, saw the Roosevelts into the eighteenth century. And from them sprang the family's main, and always distinct, three lines. The pedigree folded into the front of this book should help the English reader to clear up one always bothering point—the exact relationship of the two Roosevelt Presidents—Theodore and Franklin—to each other. Theodore, and his niece, the Anna



Yvonne Gregory

A New Book by John Buchan's Daughter

The Hon. Mrs. Fairfax-Lucy, only daughter of the late Lord Tweedsmuir and sister of the present Baron, has written a medieval chronicle of the times of Richard II. and Henry V. It is called "The Tapestry Men," and will be published by Hodder and Stoughton shortly. Mrs. Fairfax-Lucy married the second son of Sir Henry Fairfax-Lucy of Charlecote Park, Warwick, in 1933

Eleanor who is now Franklin Roosevelt's wife, descend from Johannes; Franklin himself descends from Jacobus. From Johannes also descended that Nicholas Roosevelt (1767-1854) who sponsored, and contributed to the invention of, the first American steamship, the *New Orleans*, and through this revolutionised for America both transport and travel.

Mrs. Pickard's account of the maiden voyage of the *New Orleans*, in 1811, down the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, makes first-rate reading. The adventure was chancy and the conditions weird: a comet, an earthquake (that tore up banks, flung up islands and distracted the pilot by altering the course of the rivers) and the giving birth on board by young Mrs. Nicholas Roosevelt, solitary woman passenger, to her first child, all kept the pioneers' nerves on the stretch.

Another Roosevelt character in the Johannes line was Robert Barnwell (1829-1906), that zealot of pisciculture, who was to stabilise American fisheries. Roosevelts in all three lines showed decided literary gifts: with the two Roosevelt Presidents, as we know, writing is very much more than a mere sideline. And—another major characteristic—Roosevelts in any field they entered showed themselves energetic foes of corruption.

Two Presidents

THIS faculty for clearing away dead wood, for tackling muddles and facing untoward facts has been prominent in the two Roosevelt Presidents. Allied to this, in their greatness, has been the

(Concluded on page 56)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

By Richard King

IN Berlin, we are told, the Germans are becoming daily more and more bad-tempered as the war goes on and on. That should make Berlin more dire than, from my own experience, it is when it is all elephantine and gay. In this country, happily, the war has brought with it an additional kindness and geniality. One of the very few pleasant consummations which have followed in its otherwise tragic train.

The average Englishman and woman has not, to my way of thinking, been so nice since the last war. One wail of the siren and, hey presto! we are all human beings together, going the same way, almost hand-in-hand. And why not—since that at all times is exactly what we are; minus, of course, the hand-communion? There are no class-distinctions, educational or any other distinction among those standing in a queue, and a perfectly indifferent "Sorry!" from behind the counter is as an introduction to every other customer standing in the shop. Suddenly, we become almost brothers and sisters until, once outside, we go our different ways.

And that, it seems, is as it should always be. The only real human distinction is between the nice and the nasty, the clean and the unclean, the intelligent and the dull, the entertainer and the bore, the foolish and the wise. And that distinction knows no class, nor clique, nor any other circumstance of life; least of all the good graces of a banker or a mere

address! It is universal, and the man who wants to find the full joy of life discovers them where actually they are, and ignores them, or makes them part of his personal existence, as and when he finds them.

Most of us, alas! clutter up our lives with people who, if they departed to-morrow, we should scarcely miss by the end of the week. Then we wonder why we are lonely and have no real friend. Metaphorically speaking, we have very probably sought for him, or her, in the nearest background we could get to look for whom we need in Peckham.

For the moment, the war has changed so much of that. We are being forced to mingle without preliminary introduction. It does not mean that we are hanging round each other's necks, but it does mean that a common danger and deprivation, anxiety, loss and foreboding have made us smile at each other with most of the artificial human barriers hurled down. We have not got time to nag or be a snob. We leave speeches of exhortations to politicians, whose sabre-rattling, eased by a throat-lozenge, frankly bores us. We have, so to speak, discovered the true qualities of each other, realising—often for the first time—that those who have never suffered or endured smilingly, who have never loved, lost and fought on again and again, really aren't worth knowing, like all the common breed of mildewed adolescents who have grown older without ever growing-up.

Getting Married.

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



Philby—Cobham

Lieut.-Col. Owen Philby, Somerset Light Infantry, only son of the late Rev. J. B. Philby and Mrs. Philby, of Great Meadow, Dulverton, married Pamela Cobham, younger daughter of Brigadier-General and Mrs. H. W. Cobham, of Beaminster, Dorset, at Crowcombe Parish Church, near Taunton



Secretan—Martin

Major Robert Douglas Secretan, The Lancashire Fusiliers, younger son of the Rev. and Mrs. D. L. Secretan, of the Rectory, Balcombe, Sussex, and Anne Martin, daughter of Major and Mrs. G. C. Martin, of Holly Hill, Stoke Poges, were married at St. Giles's Church, Stoke Poges



Roth—Stanton

Captain Stanley H. J. Roth, The Queen's Own Royal West Kent Regiment, married Patricia Stanton, at St. Dunstan's Church, Mayfield. She is the elder daughter of Commander and Mrs. H. G. Stanton, of Wellbrooke House, Mayfield, Sussex



Williams—Foster

John Basil Williams, Colonial Office, son of Professor and Mrs. Basil Williams, of 38c, Holland Park, W., married Morag Elizabeth Anning Foster, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Foster, of Bentley, Northwood, at St. Martin-in-the-Fields



Mrs. David Young

Patricia Robina Knyvet Marshall, daughter of Lt.-Col. H. Marshall, Royal West African Force, and Mrs. Marshall, married Capt. David Young, R.A., at the Cathedral Church of St. Mary, Edinburgh. He is the son of the late Col. A. Young, C.M.G., and Mrs. Young



Eastham—Billings

2nd Lieut. Thomas Michael Eastham, Queen's Royal Regiment, youngest son of Mr. Tom Eastham, K.C., and Mrs. Eastham, of Westcott House, Dorking, and Mary Pamela Billings, only child of Dr. and Mrs. H. C. Billings, of Westcott, were married at Holy Trinity Church, Westcott



Dennis Moss

Green—Beale

Sq. Ldr. Grenville Green, D.F.C., R.A.F., son of Dr. Green, of Amersham, Bucks., and Margaret Chrysogon Beale, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Beale, of the Yews, Minchinhampton, were married at Minchinhampton Church



Richardson—Austin

Lieutenant-Commander F. Denys Richardson, R.N.V.R., younger son of the late Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Richardson, of Bombay, and Irene Mary Austin, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George E. Austin, of Birkdale, Lancashire, were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street



Percival—Wilks

2nd Lieut. C. K. M. Percival, R.E., only son of Mr. and Mrs. C. Percival, of 6, Honeybourne Road, N.W., and Josephine Macdonnell Wilks, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Wilks, of Madeley Court, Ealing, were married at St. Mary Abbots, Kensington

SOCIAL ROUND-ABOUT

(Continued from page 41)

Among people at her flat the other day were Sir George and Lady Franckenstein, Mr. Hamish Hamilton's pretty Italian wife, Mr. Jonkeer van Carnebeek, from the Dutch Embassy; Baroness Winterstein-Gillespie, looking prettier than ever; Mrs. Rupert Inledon-Webber, with a purple bow in her hair; and Mr. George Labouchere, whose sister, Miss Lilah Labouchere, married Lord de Ramsey.

First Night

"SKYLARK" has some good lines, some intolerably whimsy ones, and a theme which nauseatingly hammers home the obstructive idiocy of typical women. How lifetimes can be got through so trivially is amazing. One of the women says to another, "What shall we be like in ten years?" The second says, "I know. Ten pounds heavier!" and that's all there is to their lives. So no wonder there are scenes from a wife whose husband devotes more time to his work than to her.

But it all ends happily, with Miss Constance Cummings prettily at one with Mr. John Clements (her husband in the play). Mr. Hugh Sinclair and his real-life wife, Miss Valerie Taylor, have too little to do. They are both very talented, as well as being charming and decorative people.

Wedding

MR. JOCELYN HAMBRO married Miss Sylvia Muir at St. Mark's Church, North Audley Street. He is in the Coldstream Guards, and his father, Mr. Olaf Hambro, lives at Linton Park, in Kent.

Captain Gore-Brown, of the Grenadier Guards, was best man, and, besides many Hambros, there were Lord and Lady Aberconway, the Dowager Lady Cadogan, Lady Sylvia Combe, Lady Coke, Lord and Lady Errington, Lord Euston, the Greek Minister and Madame Simopoulos, Lady Beatrix Hoare, Lady Mary Harvey, Ellen Lady Hardwicke, Baroness van Hennep, Mrs. Patrick Leatham, Lady Macaw and Miss Macaw, Lady Middleton, Lady Jean Rankin, Mrs. Simon Rodney and Lady Sinclair.

Poles Study Law

A SPECIAL course of Legal and Administrative studies has been started at St. Andrews, and many Poles now stationed in Scotland are taking the opportunity to learn about the legal and administrative system of this country.

General M. Kukiell, Polish O.C. in Scotland, says that since the arrival of the Polish Army there 250 of them have won degrees, 600 passed matriculation examinations, and 800 are attending popular courses.

There are now 100 Polish students studying in the universities of St. Andrews and Dundee, and altogether about 6500 men are learning the English language.

Pictures

EDWARD LEAR's fragile and lovely water-colours are on view at the Redfern Gallery, illustrating his Mediterranean travels between 1812 and 1888. These and the famous nonsense rhymes with their fantastic-funny line drawings are an interesting combination of talent: his must have been a delightful mind, light of touch on both humour and beauty, and at a time which one associates with more ponderous creations. French water-colours and drawings are to be seen in the same exhibition; Picasso, Degas and Cézanne are represented.



A Christening Celebration at the Meurice

Swaabe

A supper party followed the christening of Susan Blakely Russell, at St. Peter's, Eaton Square. She is the baby daughter of Lieut. G. V. B. Russell, R.N., and Mrs. Russell. Guests included Mr. Kim Tickell, now at an O.C.T.U., Miss A. Russell, W.R.N.S., Mrs. Russell, who was Patricia Tickell, Lieut. G. V. B. Russell, and Mrs. George Baker. The Prime Minister's daughter, Mary, is one of Susan's godmothers.

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 54)

balance kept between imagination (or vision) and realism. To the careers, the achievements, the reforms at home and the standpoints in world affairs of Theodore and of Franklin Roosevelt Mrs. Pickard has devoted the second and more detailed half of her book. Her pages are packed with information and her summaries are usefully clear.

The Roosevelts and America must in the first place, I take it, have been intended for American readers. From the point of view of the English reader the book has—in addition to a certain sparseness I spoke of—a few inevitable defects. Mrs. Pickard refers very briefly to what she takes to be matters of common knowledge—and therefore, her manner is often tantalising, for she hints at things we certainly do not know. This English edition might well have been more fully annotated. Also, given the extreme interest of much of her material, it seems to me that she does not make the most of it. She has been very good at collecting facts, but not so good at arranging them. Her book, to put it shortly, *could* be much better written. But it is well worth reading as it stands.

Lone Hand

"THE SWORD AND THE NET" (Michael Joseph; 8s.) is a really superb thriller, with a good deal more to it than just that. By the end of the story the Nazi hero has been through not only physical dangers and agonies, but extreme spiritual vicissitudes. Mr. Warren Stuart has created, in Otto Falk, a man of honour forced to sacrifice honour to what he believes (till the belief snaps at a crisis) to be the one and supreme cause. Otto is a young German airman who has been shot down in England, who has escaped, made a sensational return to occupied France and presented himself at Berlin. His reward is to be entrusted with an exacting mission: he is to serve in the inner Nazi spy and saboteur ring in America.

Otto has, from childhood, spoken English and Swedish. He is therefore told to disguise himself as a young Swedish carpenter, Nils Jorgensen. The disguise must go deep; it must be a psychological one. In affecting to be the simple, good-hearted Nils, fanatical enemy of the Nazi idea, Otto, at moments, almost *becomes* Nils—for Nils does indeed correspond with one underlying part of his character. The other Otto, the Otto his friends admire, is by contrast sophisticated and ruthless and a flaming devotee of the Nazi cause.

The spy arrives in America in a rather disconcerting glare of publicity: the atrocity programme to which he finds himself committed, the strain of deceptions practised with friendly people and the conflict within him of the Nils and the Otto get him down. To crown everything, he falls deeply in love—and has to confront the American girl's horror when he tells her the truth.

But by the time he tells her, that truth is a thing of the past. . . . Otto's fight to undo the evil that he has fostered, the closing-in on him of implacable enemies and the ordeals shared by the girl Clare, provide the most exciting part of the book—a book in which the excitement-standard is high. I shall be surprised if *The Sword and the Net* does not soon make a film. But it has subtleties the camera might miss: scenarios allow little place for the soul.

Plain Man

CHIEF ENGINEER SPENLOVE of *The Beachcomber* and *Derelicts* says good-bye to the sea and settles ashore, to build boats and potter in a Connecticut farmhouse. In *Spenlove in Arcady* (Faber and Faber; 10s. 6d.), Mr. William McFee's hero finds country life less simple than he had hoped. For one thing, the apparent isolation of Mudge Place (his chosen retreat) proves delusive: he, in fact, finds himself the neighbour of a singularly nasty arty bunch of sophisticates who, fluctuating between New York and Hollywood, pause for some months to make this coast their summer home.

For another thing, his fairly advanced age does not protect the bachelor from the darts of love. He falls for the always charming, sometimes drunk and generally distracted mother of the twelve-year-old Sonia. Perdita, who has had enough of writers, opens her heart to Spenlove, who merely reads. A term in Hollywood has disillusioned her about marriage, and Greenwich Village and American-Paris have not brightened her views about anything. English by birth, she clings to the English Spenlove with nostalgic fervour.

This novel seemed to me on the long side. I expect I failed with it from the start through not being deeply interested in Spenlove. Also, it is distressing to read about a countryside that has lost virtue. The local high road, for instance, is entitled Route Eleven, and the local spinster, an otherwise simple soul, buys up Early American antiques to re-sell to visitors. No wonder Spenlove thinks about Dorsetshire. Why did he not settle there in the first place?

Intrigues on Circuit

"TRAGEDY AT LAW," by Cyril Hare (Faber and Faber; 7s. 6d.), is an absorbing detective novel, in which crime interest does not take its usual first place. For characterisation, and for minute and entrancing pictures of legal life on Circuit, I give this ten out of ten. (The pomposities that surround a series of small-town assizes are excellent matter for comedy. "'No trumpeters!' said his Lordship, in a tone of melancholy and slightly peevish disapproval.")

The Judge, his wife Hilda, the unsuccessful barrister Pettigrew, the naïve young Marshal (whose name is Marshall) and the touchy Beamish are alive from the start. Between them, in the course of the Circuit, there forms an emotional atmosphere you could cut with a knife.

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THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

BY M. E. BROOKE

There are many who still believe that it is unlucky to be married in May, far preferring the month of April or June. The beautiful bridal gown portrayed was designed and carried out by Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, and the material chosen for its fashioning is snow-white crêpe marocain. The wheat design which decorates the corsage and sleeves is expressed in pearls and silver bugles. The line of the skirt and the train is particularly becoming, and so are the mittened sleeves. The veil is of modern lace. A fact that cannot be too widely disseminated is that this dress may be regarded as a "basic" affair which can be adapted to suit the wearer. For instance, it could be made in various colours, the train could be modified, and a family "heirloom" might take the place of the modern veil. All interested in the subject must visit these salons as soon as possible, where everything necessary for the trousseau is represented



Nowadays the "going-away" dress is almost as important as the wedding frock. Harvey Nichols and Co., Knightsbridge, have contributed the ensemble on this page. It is carried out in pale turquoise blue crêpe. The bolero and dress are separate affairs. The former is trimmed with miniature tucks, the same idea being seen on the upper part of the skirt, the lower part having its monotony broken by pleats. The hat which completes the scheme is of straw trimmed with ostrich feathers. Everyone must see the lingerie; housecoats, as well as woollen dressing-gowns and pyjamas, the needs of women in the Services, have been carefully considered



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BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

On her way up to bed the maid looked into her mistress's room.

"The master's locked up for the night, madam," she said.

"Really, Mary?" she said. "He must have been very quiet. I didn't even hear him come in."
"He hasn't, madam," replied the girl. "The police station have just phoned."

THE magistrate looked at the prisoner, and then back at the constable giving evidence.

"I understand," he said, "that you found the accused lying in a horse trough in the public square. What further evidence have you to offer that he was drunk?"

"Well, sir," said the constable, producing an empty whisky bottle. "It was floating beside him and inside it was a message: 'Wrecked off Bull's Head. One survivor,'"

A CONCERT was being given for the troops billeted in a small town. They were packed into the hall like sardines in a tin. An officer went up to the stage and asked if any of the men had any ideas to aid their comfort.

A voice piped up from the back row, saying :
 "Number off from the right, and tell the even numbers to breathe in while the odd numbers breathe out."

A HORSE dealer was trying to sell a broken-winded horse, and was trotting him out for inspection. "Hasn't he a lovely coat?" he remarked to the prospective buyer. "Yes, but I don't like his pants," came the quick reply.

"I'm sorry, old man, but I make it a rule never to lend money. It ruins friendship," said the first man, firmly.

"But why let that worry you," replied the second man. "We were never what you might call wonderfully good friends, were we?"

A widow who kept a shop was being courted by an eligible bachelor. He came to her shop every night at closing time, and she gave him her bag with the day's takings to carry home. The bag was heavy, and this prompted her admirer to remark: "You must do a big trade, seeing you always have such a heavy bag."

"Oh, yes," was the modest reply. "I have quite a good little business."

But it wasn't until after they were married that he discovered she had been giving him the shop weights to carry home every night.

THE recruit had the habit of partaking of his soup in a noisy and boisterous fashion. The noise was so loud that it upset the rest of the company. One day when the offensive sounds were at fortissimo a nerveless veteran strode toward the culprit and said : " May I help you ? " " Help ? " echoed the recruit. " I don't need any help. " " Sorry, sir, " said the veteran. " I thought perhaps you might wish to be dragged ashore. "

A PIECE of paper covered with mystic figures and signs had been discovered on the floor of the aircraft factory.

It had been seen to fall from the handbag of a girl worker who had received it from a strange woman at the works entrance. Experts had been called in to decipher the apparent code, but all failed.

Finally the manager took it home to study it further. His wife supplied the solution.

"Why, John," she explained with animation, "wherever did you get these instructions for a knitted jumper from?"



"I only play golf one day a week."
"I ken, this'll no be it."

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Waste paper is worth money these days. It commands anything from 2s. to 6s. 6d. per hundredweight according to grade.

But perhaps you feel that you have no wish to make money out of the national need. Then why not devote the proceeds to the Tobacco Fund? Already over two million cigarettes have been distributed by this fund amongst the men who load the shells and fire the guns that defend the country where you live.

Your waste paper can serve two purposes; it can provide material for the armaments and shells so desperately needed, and it can provide money to buy cigarettes, always so greatly appreciated for our fighting men.

Your waste paper can be put to good account if you will only play your part by turning out your shelves and cupboards where papers and books still accumulate.

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Christening Bonnet of
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holes embroidered in sky
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Muslin Bibs, finely hand
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or spot designs.

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panel in front hand-
tucked and hand em-
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Big Chief Build-ups

CRITICISM, if I read aright the conclusions arising from the impassioned debates about the *Daily Mirror* in the Houses of Parliament, and if I interpret correctly the curiously entangled arguments of Mr. Morrison concerning the paper to which he was formerly such a distinguished contributor; criticism, I say, is now authorised, with full Governmental and Parliamentary approval, to be free and of absolutely any colour the critic wishes—so long as it is black. Fordism, in short, has invaded Fleet Street. The experts must standardise their opinions in order to be permitted to produce them in quantity. It is a great relief.

Speaking as one who has sometimes been moved by events to voice criticisms of our aeronautical activities, I shall regard the future as restful. For every criticism—if it be genuine—is a torture to the maker of it.

The politicians who took part in the debate seemed to imagine the critic as having a care-free time, lashing about to right and left without thought or worry. Actually, as most writers know, criticism is harshest on the critic. Ladling out synthetic sunshine to the mob has ever been an easier and more congenial task, and that seems, from now on, to be our duty.

Perhaps, however, one may still be allowed to put forward suggestions. After all there is no other way of giving our officials their opportunity of contributing to the war effort by turning them down. And my suggestion today is that our senior Royal Air Force officers want a publicity build-up; they are in need of publicity men just as much as the film stars.

Support and Faith

MODERN war is different from earlier wars partly in that a much wider public is engaged and greatly in that a much wider public is informed. The speed of communications enables whole nations to know what is going on when previously only small groups of people had this doubtful privilege. So it is more than ever essential that whole nations should display faith in their leaders. They should look on them as giants and heroes. So far as the United Nations are concerned, the peoples are ready to look

AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

on them in that light if they are given half a chance.

Now the young Royal Air Force officer and sergeant pilots have had their richly deserved build-ups. Their feats have been flourished in Press and on the radio all over the world. But those at the head have no such publicity—or at least not those at the head of the Royal Air Force.

Among the great military leaders of this war two stand out, General Wavell—in whom the greater public of the British Commonwealth reposes absolute trust and will continue so to do whatever temporary setbacks he endures—and General MacArthur.

How does it come about that these two great men have the following and inspire the faith that they deserve? The answer surely is that they speak directly to the wider public in their own names. Both of them—following the excellent example of the President of the United States of America—hold periodic Press conferences and permit some of their statements to be quoted afterwards in their own names.

The public learns to look on them as great men, and is then ready to accept it if mistakes are made. It knows full well that mistakes cannot always be avoided. General Wavell, when he admitted that he made a mistake in Libya, did not shake public confidence in his ability as a general; in fact he rather strengthened it.

Example of Leadership

IN 1914-18 I was serving in the Royal Flying Corps. And there can be no doubt that Lord Trenchard inspired, encouraged and fortified every officer and man in that branch of the Service. He was, to all of us, a giant and a hero.

I disagree with almost every view Lord Trenchard has ever expressed. I try sometimes to express my disagreement publicly when I believe it salutary to do so. But usually I fail. Because when I begin to

formulate my argument I come under the same magic spell that Lord Trenchard cast upon me as a junior officer. Lord Trenchard may be wrong; but most of those who have served under him would rather obey his orders—even if they doubt their wisdom—than those of anybody else. That seems to me the essence of leadership. It is concerned with trust and faith, rather than with logic and rightness of opinion.

We have today great men among the senior officers of the Royal Air Force. Some of them might exercise a spell as potent as Lord Trenchard's. Why do they not do so? I think the answer is that today information spreads more quickly and more extensively, and that in consequence there must be a comparable publicity.

I would like to see the Chief of the Air Staff holding an occasional Press conference, and I would like to see those who attend the conference permitted to quote him in their newspapers afterwards. He could then speak in his own voice direct to the people, and this would help him in his position as Chief of the Royal Air Force, and would scotch some of those criticisms which Mr. Morrison dislikes so much.

It is important to note that a conference has value in proportion to the eminence of the quotable authority who takes it. "Official circles," "authoritative quarters," these and their like are held in scorn by the public. Official circles can—perhaps naturally—never give a straight answer to anything. The force and value of the Wavell and MacArthur press conferences reside in the fact that they give straight answers. Often they have to demand that their answers shall not be made public, a confidence which newspaper men invariably keep; but often they can allow their statements to be quoted.

The result is a better understanding of the war situation by the wider public, a fuller realisation of the difficulties and dangers and—above all—a stronger faith and confidence in their leaders. Sharp criticism of leaders does not always harm them. Sometimes—like the episcopal condemnations of the actresses of the Victorian age—it brings them violent and widespread popularity.

If this is indeed total war, then our leaders should regard it as such and look on it as one of their important functions to address the wider public on matters on which they have special knowledge.

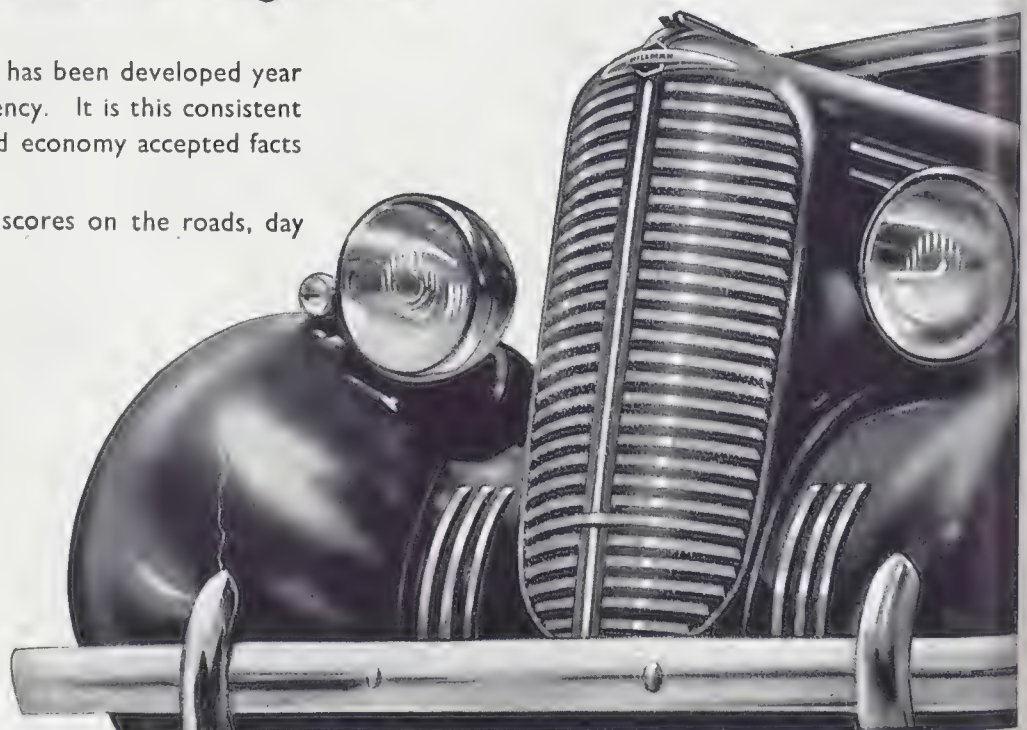
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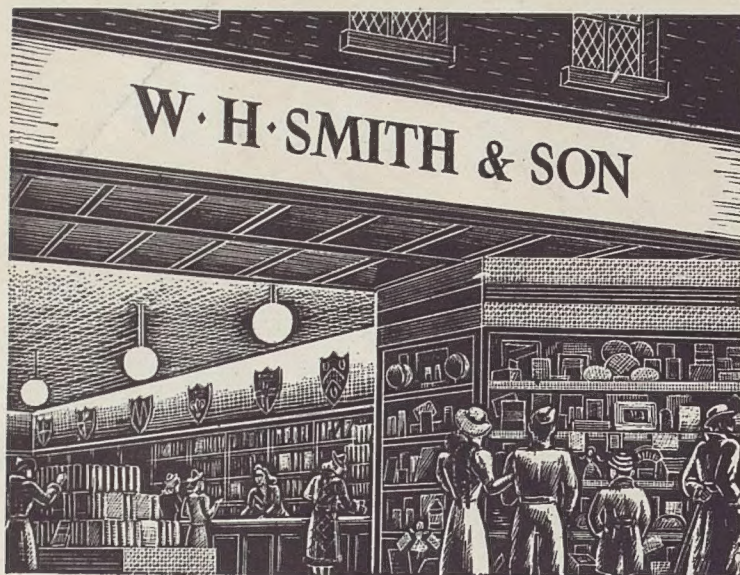
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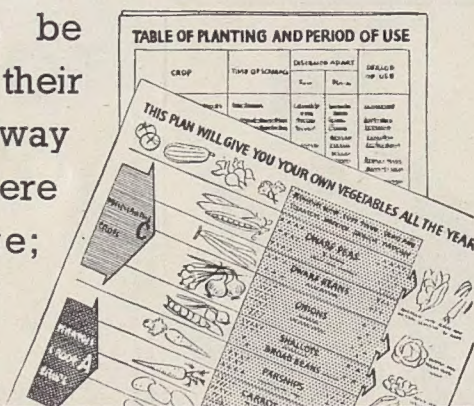
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